

7/9/66

BATMAN

"Hizzoner the Penguin"

RECEIVED

by Stanford Sherman

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HOWIE HORWITZ

TEASER

In downtown Gotham, distinguished guests arrive for the annual fund-raising luncheon of the Gotham City Hospital Fund. A press photographer snaps their pictures, and a ceremonial cop stands near the entrance. Down the block, a long black limousine pulls to the curb, and with his usual flirt and flutter, out steps THE PENGUIN. There's trouble, says the cop, and heads for the Penguin, followed by the photographer.

And trouble there is: near the Penguin a blind newsdealer is being robbed by an ugly-mugged hood. Help! Help! cries the newsdealer, I am being hi-jacked by a hairy hooligan! The Penguin dashes to the rescue, producing a BOXING GLOVE on the end of his umbrella. Take that! Foul filcher of farthings! The hood goes down for the count, while the photographer snaps the action, and the cop stands agape. What's going on?

But the Penguin is already off on another mission of mercy, this time to rescue a baby carriage rolling toward an oncoming truck. Penguin SHOOTS OFF his umbrella handle (which trails a wire behind it) and neatly hooks the baby carriage. Then he REELS IN the carriage, snatching it out of harm's way in the very nick.

Humbly acknowledging the thanks of the mother and blind newdealer, Penguin heads for the charity luncheon. He appears inside just as the

chairman of the hospital fund is drawing a desperate picture of the fund's financial plight. Tut, tut, says Penguin, striding to the head table, how much do you need? And using his umbrella-handle pen, he writes out a check for \$100,000!

The amazed cop calls Commissioner Gordon to report the strange happenings. The Penguin has finally flipped his flippers. He's gone stark raving mad.

Gordon looks at the camera and announces: I think I'm losing my mind.

ACT ONE

Chief O'Hara bursts into Gordon's office with the afternoon paper: The headline screams: "PENGUIN TO RUN FOR MAYOR OF GOTHAM CITY!" And underneath are pictures of the Penguin's recent heroic deeds.

"Oh no!" groans Commissioner Gordon, "now I know I'm losing my mind!"

"Oh no!" groans Mrs. Cooper, as she carries the paper into the Wayne living room. "Bulging ballot boxes!" blurts Dick as he shows the paper to Bruce. But aren't convicted felons barred from elective office? Yes, but the Penguin has done his homework and has discovered that the Gotham City Charter of 1793 was never officially repealed, though it's been ignored for over a century. And under that old charter, convicted felons were given special permission to hold office--primarily because the Mayor at that time was a convicted felon himself. But it's nothing to worry about; Bruce is sure that the Penguin's pyrotechnics won't sway the good people of Gotham City, who will cast their votes for the current mayor, J.B. Lindy.

"Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!" mumbles current mayor J.B. Lindy, prostrate on a couch in his office, and receiving a sedative shot in the arm from

a doctor. "Call Batman!" he croaks, before he goes under.

Alfred relays the call to Bruce, and the Duo are soon en route to the mayor's office. They arrive and Batman assures the mayor there's no cause for alarm. Alarm? says the mayor. Who's alarmed? I'm withdrawing from the race.

But then the Penguin will win by default, says Batman. Better by default than by landslide. The Penguin has already been endorsed by the Blind Newsdealers' Association, the Gotham City Mothers' Club, and the Hospital Chairty Fund, not to mention the East Coast Bird Lover's Society. He calls in his poll-taking firm: Hooper, Trendek, and Nelson.

The three pollsters paper the wall with charts and graphs, and pollute the air with jargon, the upshot of which is that 85% of Gotham City residents prefer the Penguin over Mayor Lindy.

There's only one hope, says Lindy. You must run for mayor, Batman. Only a dynamic, popular figure like yourself has any chance of beating that flamboyant bird. Robin agrees. Batman must do it to save Gotham City. Lindy can run as deputy mayor on the Batman ticket, and after winning the election, Batman can resign in favor of Lindy. The reluctant candidate accepts the draft.

At the Penguin's election headquarters, victory is in the air. The Penguin enters and his election workers ("The Citizens' Committee for the Penguin") burst into welcoming song..."For he's a jolly good Penguin, for he's...etc...." Among the workers are the not-so-blind newsdealer, the hood who tried to rob him, and the mother and baby (mother is a bewigged hood, baby a rubber doll). Penguin congratulates them on a job well done, and assures the hood that he will be released from jail after the election.

The treasurer of the Penguin campaign fund sits at a table collecting money from a line of mobsters. Dig deep boys, urges Penguin. After all,

elected you'll be rolling in greenbacks.

Now Hooper, Trendek, and Nelson, who work both sides of the ticket, arrive with bad news: As of the latest poll, only 40% of Gotham City favors the Penguin. What happened! Only a few hours ago he had 85%. Batman happened, says Hooper.

Oho! So old pointy-ears has tossed his cowl in the ring, eh? Penguin is delighted. Double the assessments! he shouts to the treasurer. When he gets through with that Costumed Creep, he'll tuck his cape between his legs and run for home. He should know better than to fool with a master politician like the Penguin. Out with the New Deal, Fair Deal, and Square Deal; in with the Fast Shuffle.

At Batman campaign headquarters, Batman and Robin discuss campaign strategy. Robin wants to pour on the razzle dazzle. But Batman demurs. He's going to conduct a clean, honest, and tasteful campaign. What else?

A quick tour around Gotham City as the two campaigns get under way. A small, tasteful "Batman for Mayor" poster is affixed to a window; while across the street a huge, 50-foot billboard urges Gothamites to "VOTE FOR THE PENGUIN!" In the middle of a long wooden fence, a Batman worker takes up a modest Batman poster, and no sooner has he left than Penguin workers unroll a loooooooooooooong Penguin poster which covers the entire fence, including the Batman poster. "TIPPECANOE AND PENGUIN TOO!!" reads the poster. "I LIKE PENGY!" reads the side of a bus. "ALL THE WAY WITH PENGY!" reads a billboard.

The Penguin's grinning puss becomes ubiquitous: it appears inside gas-tank caps, on kids' all-day suckers, on sailors' chests underneath Mother, at the bottom of coffee-cups, underneath door mats, on pulled-down

window shades, inside bubble-gum wrappers.

Penguin workers go to any and all lengths for publicity: they ink the shoes of unsuspecting pedestrians (particularly Batman campaign workers), who then print "Vote for Penguin" on the sidewalk with each step; they do the same to automobile tires (particularly on Batman campaign cars). They even use their ink pads on the innocent bottoms of bus-riders, who get up leaving "Vote for Penguin" printed on their seats. And they carry this to its logical conclusion by installing a stamper on the inside of a revolving door, so that everyone who passes through acquires a Penguinized posterior.

Now a glimpse of the two candidates doing a little street campaigning. Batman is working one side of the street, while Penguin works the other. A line of mothers present their babies to Batman for the traditional kiss. Sorry, says the Caped Candidate, I've got a slight cold and I couldn't take a chance on giving it to the little tykes.

The mothers are irate. A politician who won't even kiss babies! A shame and a scandal! But the Penguin welcomes the irate mothers to his side of the street and leaps gleefully into the breach, bussing each baby with noisy gusto.

What about taxes? a voter asks Batman. Batman promises to try and hold taxes at their present level. Grumbling from the crowd, interrupted by the Penguin's shouted promise to abolish taxes altogether. This gets cheers.

What about roads? Batman plans a new freeway. The Penguin plans TEN new freeways--all of them sixteen lane roads. You'd have to leve down-town to build that many roads! shouts Boy Wonder. Not at all, answers Penguin

coolly, I planto drain the river and build them on the bottom. How are you going to pay for them if you abolish taxes, yells Robin. By reinstituting the Salt Tax, retorts Penguin. Robin is fighting mad, but he's restrained by Batman, who reminds him that they must be at the television studios for the Batman-Penguin debate in half an hour.

"See you on television, Batman," cackles the Penguin, and asks his henchmen if everything is set. It is.

All Gotham is huddled around TV sets to watch the debate. A moderator introduces the candidates, then gives the floor to the Penguin, who promises solemnly to stick to the issues. No mud-slinger, he. But what are the issues? There's only one: Batman. Who is he? Does anyone know? Perhaps he's a dangerous criminal. After all, he consorts with criminals. Has anyone in Gotham City ever seen him when he wasn't with criminals, or else chasing after them? Penguin, on the other hand, is almost always seen surrounded by Police. Which do Gothamites want for mayor: a man who hobnobs with crooks, or a man who sticks with the cops? Eh? A man who races around town in a souped-up hot rod, endangering the life of Gotham children and setting a bad example for the youth. A man who keeps the teen-age Boy Wonder up late at nights chasing around, when he should be doing his homework. A man so ~~big~~ ignorant he doesn't know enough to wear shoes! And a man so unpatriotic he doesn't even remove his cowl during the Star Spangled Banner.

Batman begins by "correcting a few of the exaggerations of my opponent." The Batmobile is not a hot-rod, even though it is admittedly souped-up. As for wearing shoes...

But we hear no more. Penguin's henchmen have invaded the sound booth, gagged the sound engineer, and are playing the Penguin campaign song ("Vote for the Penguin" sung to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda") . Batman's lips continue to move on the screen, but all we hear is the rollicking Penguin song.....

....which is interrupted by a news flash: The Gotham City Savings and Loan is being robbed and the crooks are holed up inside, standing off the cops. Batman and Penguin race to the scene, followed by TV cameras.

At the bank, Batman, Robin, and the Penguin charge inside, and a battle royale commences, under the baleful eye of the TV cameras.

(Batman enjoins Robin to stay out of the action; this is a contest between himself and Penguin.)

The battle is played like a political convention, with TV cameramen and technicians everywhere, and the moderator standing on a teller's cage looking down at the action. We get hi-angle shots from his PGV, and then ..."we switch you now to David Hinkley on the bank floor. Come in David..." And we find David with a creepie-peepie leaning over Batman's shoulder as he battles a pair of hoods.

The hoods swarm over Batman, who must fight for his very life...BIFF! ...BAM!...POW!...while they line up in a row for the Penguin, and fall like duckpins under his harmless blows...tap!...tickle!...slap!...Soon the Penguin sports a long row of felled hoods, while Batman has managed to put one or two out of action, and is barely holding his own against the rest. The moderator is counting hoods like convention votes; a big tote-board has been set up to keep track of hoods despatched by each candidate--and the

Penguin is winning by a landslide.

The melee is finally over, and to the victor go the cameras. The Penguin is surrounded by microphones and interviewers, while the battered, bruised, and bleeding Batman is ignored by all and sundry.

Back at the Bat-cave, Robin bandages his mentor and rails against the dirty tactics of the Penguin. If this keeps up, Batman may lose the election. Impossible, says the squarely sanguine Crusader; Gothamites won't be fooled by the Penguin's shenanigans.

But at the Penguin's headquarters, Hooper, Trendek, and Nelson arrive to tell the Penguin that Gothamites ~~are being~~ fooled by his shenanigans: 55% favor the Penguin, 42% favor Batman, and 3% favor Fiorello H. LaGuardia --discounting two old ladies who are hot on Cal Doolidge. The Penguin cackles gleefully. He will trounce Batman at the polls--that is, if Batman is still alive on election day. After all, there's no point in taking chances, is there? Heh heh heh heh.....

We cut to the Batmobile. Robin is driving. He would rather Batman rest up after his ordeal, but the Intrepid Campaigner insists on sticking to his schedule. He is to address a fraternal order at 2:00, and Batman is not one to let people down.

They arrive at the ~~XX~~ G.O.O.N. Temple (Grand Order of Occidental Nighthawks), and are greeted by a fezzed fellow in Masonic-like garb, who identifies himself as the Grand Greeter. He, like his cohorts inside, has G.O.O.N. emblazoned on his chest. Once inside, Batman and Robin find that the G.O.O.N.S are precisely that, and they are suddenly surrounded by drawn scimitars.

At the end of G.O.O.N. Hall is a huge apothecary's scale, on one side

of which are laid the trussed Batman and Robin, and on the other a bale of HAY. Underneath the Duo is a large vat of boiling sulphuric acid, and a large CAMEL (displaying a Penguin campaign banner) is led in to lunch on the hay.

Enter the Penguin at his point, expressing mockshorror at the situation. Terrible, terrible, terrible, he wails, and runs to a coin telephone on the wall to call the police. But, alas, he is out of dimes. Too bad. He attacks the G.O.O.N.S with light love-taps of his umbrella. Take that, foul fiend! Aw c'mon, Pengy, grin the G.O.O.N.S.

Never fear, Batman, he shouts at the door. I am going for help. If I hurry I should be at police headquarters in three or four hours. I'd hate to see you two die an Occidental death...hehheh heh heh...

PART II

In a dull of wits with the camel, Batman triumphs (by a hair) and extricates himself and Robin from the deadly scales.

At his headquarters, Penguin learns of Bamtan's escape with equanimity. The latest poll shows him rolling up percentage points. Besides, just in case all else should fail, he has a diabolical ace up his notoriously shifty flipper.

En route to the final campaign rally, Batman divulges that he too has an ace up his sleeve, but he won't resort to it unless all else fails. He won't tell Robin what it is, and besides he's quite confident that when the chips are down in the voting booths, Gothamites will reject the Penguin.

At the Batman rally, it looks like the chips are down all right--and most of them have fallen on Batman's head. The huge hall is peopled by a

few old ladies (but not the little old ladies in sneakers who form part of the Penguin entourage), a couple of bums sleeping in the back row, and the custodial staff of the hall. On the podium are Batman, Robin, Mayor Lindy, the Commissioner, and Chief O'Hara. Robin regrets that Batman wouldn't at least let him hire a brass band, but Batman feels that elections should be devoted to issues rather than hoopla. He commences his speech--as ~~max~~ square a piece of oratory as ever tumbled out of a brick kiln. So dull is it, that the few people in the cavernous hall get up and leave, yawning as they exit.

Down the block, the Penguin rally is rocketing along like a Broadway musical. Plenty of free booze and eats, three brass bands, and up on the stage, the PENGUIN GIRLS, dressed in red white and blue costumes and straw hats reminiscent of the Johnson and Goldwater girls.

The Penguin makes a short speech in which he outlines his program: "extremism in defending vice, and moderation in pursuing virtue..." He stops for loud applause and then proceeds....

"The Penguin party is for Mother...""

Cheers.

"...country..."

Cheers.

"...flag..."

Cheers.

"...alfalfa..."

Cheers.

"...mumbledy-peg..."

Cheers.

"Gobbledegook..."

Cheers and more cheers. The crowd is ecstatic. What a marvelous speaker

the Penguin is. And so cogent. Plain honest talk instead of the usual political mumbo-jumbo.

Back at the Batman rally, a glum group stands around loaded food tables. Robin suggests that if Batman has an ace up his sleeve, now's the time to pull it out. Batman reluctantly agrees. As he is about to explain it to ~~Robin~~ Robin... we dissolve to...

A newscaster on election day. Voting is still in progress, of course, the but computers predict an overwhelming Penguin victory.

At one of the polling places, a dozen voters stand patiently in line, while the Penguin gazes gleefully at them from across the street. ~~Inxx~~ According to the latest poll, $8\frac{1}{2}$ of those people will vote for him. In a few hours he'll be Mayor of Gotham City and Batman a political has-been.

Suddenly three teen-age kids join the line of voters. An irate Penguin runs over and orders them out of the line. They're too young to vote. Not under the Gotham City Charter of 1793, says Batman as he steps out of the Batmobile. According to that charter, not only were felons allowed to run for office, but the voting age was set at 14. Villainy! Calumny! Treachery! rails the Penguin.

Yea Batman! shouts a group of teenagers arriving to vote. Shut up you little hoodlums! screams Penguin. Now, now Pengy, don't flip your feathers, grins Robin.

The Penguin vows revenge of the direst sort, and stomps off. Batman and Robin are worried about what the desperate Penguin may pull out of his grab-bag of deviltry.

Meanwhile the newscaster reports this latest development in the election. The old charter has given Batman a new group of supporters and a new lease on elective life. The computers have completely broken down under this new information and refuse to predict the outcome. It's anyone's guess.

Scenes around Gotham City as parents try to lock their kids in their rooms to keep them from voting (the parents are solid Penguin supporters, of course). But the kids climb out windows and through attics to converge on the polls. Groups of adults shout "Hurray Penguin!" and are answered by teenagers yelling "Yea Batman!" Tempers are high, but the kids are determined to vote for Batman even though they've been promised a good strapping when they get home.

Meanwhile the Penguin implements his plan to collect some insurance in case he loses at the polls. Playing the Pied Piper of Gotham (complete w/flute) he marches through the streets, followed by a raucous rock and roll band playing music to soothe the savage adolescent. In no time at all he's collected a band of frugging, swimming, jerking kids behind the band, and the entire group disappears around a corner, bound for who-knows-where?

The polls have closed and the results are pouring in. It's a close race, but the teen-age vote turned the tide. Batman has a slight edge, which grows larger with each incoming report.

At the Mayor's office, Batman receives congratulations for his now sure victory, but he and Robin are more worried than elated. No one has seen hide nor feather of the Penguin for hours, and that's a bad sign.

Suddenly Batman gets a radio-telephone call. It's from the Penguin, who is on a barge in the middle of the river, along with his gyrating charges. I've napped the kids, Batman, he cackles. Since Batman used kids to win the election, Penguin will use them to nullify it. Unless the Gotham City Council meets and invalidates the election--appointing the Penguin Mayor in place of Batman--the kids will find themselves frugging on the river bottom.

Batman tells the Mayor to convene the council--they will have to appoint the Penguin if necessary. They can't take chances with the lives

of innocent children. Meanwhile he and Robin race down to the docks and watch the Penguin through binoculars.

The Penguin is having troubles of his own at this point. The rock and roll band stops for a rest, but the kids threaten to riot unless they continue playing--and this in spite of a liberal sprinkling of the Penguin's hoods around the barge. Penguin orders the exhausted band to continue in order to avert a crisis. But the poor musicians don't have much left in them, and they soon collapse on the deck in the throes of complete exhaustion.

Whereupon the Penguin discovers that there's nothing more dangerous than a mob of innocent children who expect music and are denied it. The kids riot, and attack the Penguin and his hoods. Batman and Robin watch the melee from their approaching speedboat, but it's obvious from the outset that the kids can take care of the situation all by themselves. The kids maul the hoods, including the Penguin, who barely manages to slip over the side into his get-away boat.

He and some henchmen speed up the river, followed by Batman and Robin in their boat. The Penguin hits a switch, and a dozen ugly-looking MINES are launched into the water. Bouncing Betties! Batman, Mines! Using all his skill and nerve Batman steers a perilous course through the minefield, managing to miss the monsters by a hair.

Now the Penguin unwraps a DECK GUN, mounted on the stern of the boat. He loads it, cackles the range and direction, and fires. Blammo! Batman begins evasive tactics, steering his way through the shellspouts.

Finally he manages to pull alongside the Penguin boat, He and Robin leap across, biff bam pow, and the Penguin and henchmen are down and out.

At the Gotham City Pier, Batman and Robin are greeted by a cheering crowd and a spouting fireboat. The Penguin and his hoods are hauled up in a cargo net. Batman hopes this teaches us all that eternal vigilance

is the price of liberty. The Penguin, holding on to the net strands like prison bars, is lifted up and swung away, shouting "It's a fix! I demand a recount!"

The convicts committee at State Prison is holding its election next week~~x~~ says Robin. The Penguin will be just in time to run for chairman.

TAG:

Bruce, Dick, and Mrs. Cooper in Wayne Manor. Mrs. C. is relieved that Mayor Lindy is back in office and that horrid ~~bird~~-man is behind bars. It certainly was lucky that Batman won the election. Has Bruce ~~ever~~ ever thought of going into politics. No, he prefers to stay on the sidelines. Enter Alfred with ashen face, obviously the recipient of a great shock. He mumbles something about batting practice, and Bruce picks up the ball, reminding Robin of their batting session.

In the study, Bruce asks Alfred what the matter is, but Alfred just points speechlessly at the phone. Bruce picks it up, with Dick hovering near. Dicks expression registers his awe as he hears the voice on the line.

BRUCE: Why thank you, sir. It's very nice of you to call. Well, it would be a great honor to be your campaign manager in 1968 but I'm afraid my Gotham City duties must take precedence. I'm very flattered at the offer, however. And best of luck in your election, sir.

(Can we sneak in a shot of a large office chair, from behind, showing a hand hanging up the telephone, and a STETSON HAT visible over the top of the chair?)

Wow! says Robin. You talked to him for a whole minute! It was

nice of him to call, says Bruce. And I hope you like chili. His wife is sending us a five gallon crock of it.

We fade out, call a taxi, and catch the first plane to Brazil.